

Kenyon College

Digital Kenyon: Research, Scholarship, and Creative Exchange

The Kenyon Collegian

Archives

1-1-1895

Kenyon Collegian - January 1895

Follow this and additional works at: <http://digital.kenyon.edu/collegian>

Recommended Citation

"Kenyon Collegian - January 1895" (1895). *The Kenyon Collegian*. 1333.
<http://digital.kenyon.edu/collegian/1333>

This News Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Archives at Digital Kenyon: Research, Scholarship, and Creative Exchange. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Kenyon Collegian by an authorized administrator of Digital Kenyon: Research, Scholarship, and Creative Exchange. For more information, please contact noltj@kenyon.edu.

The Kenyon Collegian.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF KENYON COLLEGE.

BOARD OF EDITORS: ARTHUR DUMPER, '95, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
G. P. ATWATER, '95, G. F. WILLIAMS, '95, C. C. WRIGHT, '96, A. N. SLAYTON, '96.
BUSINESS DEPARTMENT: HENRY STANBURY, '96, BUSINESS MANAGER.
GEO. STRAW, '98, ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER.

VOL. XXI.

GAMBIER, OHIO, JANUARY, 1895.

No. 8.

Editorial.

APPROPOS of the letter which appears elsewhere in this issue addressed to the Western College Press Association, a fact or two in regard to that organization may be of interest to COLLEGIAN readers. The Western College Press Association was formed for the purpose of creating a fraternal bond between the editors of the college papers represented in the Association, for promoting the interests and improving the standards of college journalism. Conventions have been held annually in Chicago for several years past, and most of the colleges and universities of the north Middle States have been represented. At these conventions the much abused editor finds relief at the recital of kindred woes by fellow sufferers, incidentally discusses topics especially relating to college newspaperdom, and, for once, forgets editorial rewards in the joy of the banquet which follows upon the close of the business session. One of the schemes proposed by the convention at Chicago University, last June, provided for a paper from each member of the Association on a topic of interest to college paper work. The presidency of the Association for the current year was voted to the KENYON COLLEGIAN at the last convention.

SOME of the students are using the vines on old Kenyon for hitching posts. This is a mistake, and when the practice is deliberately indulged in it should be frowned upon as little better than vandalism. In most cases, however, we think it is being done through thoughtlessness. The vines are not as ornamental at this time of the year as they are in the spring and summer, but they must be none the less cared for. A little thoughtlessness sacrificed the large vine which overhung the doorway at Bexley Hall, and now one of the large vines on old Kenyon is deeply cut, and shows the marks of a hitching strap. The livery men, too, should be cautioned from bringing their horses near enough to get at the vines. The vines were planted by some of our zealous predecessors in the seventies, and have, besides their springtime beauty, many historical associations to plead as a reason for still clinging to the old stones. Save the vines!

OUR last issue but one contained a prediction which bids fair to materialize as a fact in the immediate future. For some time we have felt the need of a coach for our foot ball team, and now we are to have one. There is no longer any doubt of it. An enterprising committee of the students have solicited the support of a much-suffering public, and have met with a very encouraging response. The fund for a foot ball coach is rapidly growing around a handsome fund already subscribed. More money is needed. The good nature of the student body has been appealed to in urgent cases more than once during the term just closed, and the responses each time have been generous. All, reluctantly glancing at the last season's record, seem to have realized the necessity of a coach. An appeal is to be made to the Alumni, who, we trust, will also realize the significance of the appeal for funds. It is no less important than desirable that we should hold our rightful position in the athletics of the State.

DESPITE our good resolutions for the new year, the COLLEGIAN appears later than usual this month. In our fond young dream, we had hoped to be among the first to bid you a happy New Year. The Christmas holiday, preceded by the many cares of term examinations — this time unpleasantly numerous — interposed to thwart the editorial ambition. We make our apologies, adding, however, that, unless the Col-

LEGIAN receives more support from the students, it will be impossible to live even up to present standards. If the COLLEGIAN is to continue its existence, it should be, in a manner, worthy of the college it represents; but the editorial board, unaided, can not bring about this desirable end. It should be remembered that the COLLEGIAN is not to represent the work of the men whose names happen to be on the title page; but rather, under their direction, it is to represent the literary bent of the student body, and to stimulate an interest in literary work. We hope to find a greater evidence of this literary bent and activity, in order that the COLLEGIAN may be saved from the error of old ways.

THE trite and discouraging topic of the literary society is again up for discussion. To the great majority of students, a college without one or more literary societies is very far behind the times. For some reason, the Kenyon undergraduate of late years does not take kindly to the literary society, and, as a result, our societies have existed in name rather than performance. The glory of Philo. and Nu Pi seems to have become a special property of other days; for, like that of Troy, it has passed away, and we regale ourselves with it as with interesting history. Student enthusiasm seems to express itself to-day in activities some of which were possibly unknown to the eloquent twenty-second day orators of old reveille fame. There seems to be an insatiable demand for something stirring—for foot ball, base ball, theatricals, or music, but, alas the confession! not for orations nor for debate. Indeed, we are fond of considering these performances too tame, forsooth, for the quick, young blood that courses through the veins of the present day collegian.

Nevertheless, we are repeatedly told that a mistake is being made, and the day is predicted when many of us will realize that, after all, foot ball and base ball, beyond the opportunities for physical training they afforded, contributed only a certain temporary skillfulness of far less value than the time invested; but that from the exercises of the literary societies much of permanent worth might have been received. Be this as it may, to consider briefly what can be done: During the last two years there have been men enough interested in literary work to form a good society, but they have wasted their energies by trying to run two societies. This year there are men enough to form a good society, and now,

at the beginning of the middle term, is the best time to go to work. Philo., as the older society and the one having the longest continued existence, could be kept alive with an infusion of new energy and with the co-operation of the interested members of Nu Pi. The wisdom of experience shows that no one should be forced into the society against his will, and that membership must imply an unquestioned obligation to contribute to the literary programme. All interested in this kind of work ought to organize at once before more time is lost.

To the Western College Press Association.

A. D.

COMPLYING with the plan adopted at the last meeting of the Western College Press Association, THE COLLEGIAN, in its turn, submits the following thoughts bearing on college journalism. For the subject of our letter we propose the question: "Is work on the college paper profitable?" As there are many points of view, a few only of which we intend to consider, we shall not attempt to define terms after the manner of debate.

Considered from a personal standpoint, probably the strongest argument for the profitableness of work done on the college paper can be urged by the man who is fitting himself for a career in journalism. For him such service brings the benefits of an early although slight acquaintance with the demands of his future vocation, and implies the value of practice. He forms the habit of thinking for practical ends, unconsciously develops powers of observation and, impressed by the responsibility incurred by one who writes for the public eye, inevitably realizes the importance of good judgment. For though the statement may seem presumptuous, the college editor exerts an influence never very great to be sure, yet perceptible at times, in his little world. Furthermore, knowing that the printed word is in a manner an eternal witness for good or evil, he is constantly stimulated by the determination to appear at his best, and calls upon energies often not appealed to by the studies of the regular schedule.

There is a second point of view. It is rumored that some of our

college papers are actually making money. In this day of profit seeking here is a profitableness of a very tangible order for the man of money-making tendencies. Now, it is very desirable and perfectly proper that the college paper should be a money-making concern, provided this happy end be honorably reached. But, the college editor on the road to wealth, must never forget that he holds a position of trust, and is placed there to seek an advantage not primarily his own. When the occasion demands, he should, accordingly, be willing to forego profits to make the paper truly representative of the college it is supposed to represent.

Again, we occasionally read that editors are credited for work done on the college paper with an equivalent amount of work in the regular course. This seems to be a much coveted result to some of our editors, but it conflicts with our ideas of profitableness. In a word, we confess our inability to see the exact degree of advantage in the "equivalent system." We are puzzled to know just what study in the course outlined by the usual college schedule can be sacrificed for the work on the college paper. If convenience were always profitable, then our little riddle is easily solved. It is scarcely fair, however desirable, to take an equivalent from the department in language, from mathematics, or from the sciences; it must come then from the English department. But it generally happens that English is, above all others, the one study needed and the most desired by the college editor; so that to get credit from this department is at best a very doubtful advantage. To be excused from an occasional essay in order that time may be had for clearer thought, or that the bad habits due to hasty composition may be avoided, is, indeed, an advantage; it is at least for the paper. Better were it, however, to give up the paper rather than to miss any of the work in the course, for which, first of all, every one ought to come to college. We are forced to the position, doubtless to many an erroneous one, that unless the time not necessary for the regular studies is sufficient for the demands of the college paper, then, work on the college paper is not profitable.

Again, there is one condition upon which alone is based the profitableness of college paper work. No man who is not in touch with his *Alma Mater* and alive to her interests, can serve on the college paper with profit to himself or to those he is to represent. The flippant youth whose only aim is to "get ahead of the faculty" by exploiting his never

ceasing criticisms, is apt to get a very magnified idea of his own importance through the applause of a few just as thoughtless as himself. It is not a question as to whether faculty rulings are always infallible, or as to whether student criticisms may not be very just once in a while. But it is this habit of constantly harping upon faculty action which disgusts. Having but a partial grasp of circumstances, but nevertheless speaking confidently as of things known, this croaker perverts an influence which might otherwise have been good, to say nothing of the real harm he does his college by scattering false information. To his distorted vision it is the manly thing to criticise, and the unmanly, to admit that a faculty decision can be in the right.

There is another extreme, a difference of kind, but not of degree. It is seen in the editorial which lends itself as a mouth-piece for the faculty. Insipidly echoing what has once been said with dignity, this editor becomes a faculty tool; is soon known as such, and deservedly loses what influence he might otherwise have had. Both of these are cumberers, unprofitable, and for their own good, as well as that of others, should be relegated to back seats.

Finally, that our college journalist may not be without his ideal, to give one's service to the college one loves carries with it something not unlike profitableness. According to his ability, to bespeak her truly, and thus to seek her advancement honorably, is the aim which ought to inspire every college editor. To merge the motive which is purely personal for this end has in it a discipline which makes for true profitableness; indeed, here lies the goal for profitableness in college journalism.

An Evening with Remenyi.

By FELICE.

And then he played, in sympathetic vein,
A human story, true, of long ago,
With all its throbbings of expectant pain,
And joy that more than balanced all its woe.

THE opera house is crowded. I am waiting very impatiently for the curtain to rise. The last ten minutes seem like an age. I glance at the programme. Remenyi does not appear until the third number of the

concert. "Why does he lug around these vocal monstrosities!" I exclaim impatiently. It must be that he may use them for a foil. He wishes them to make the air hideous that he may the better display his demon skill in soothing it back to repose with intoxicating harmony. How noisy the audience is! Can they not be silent? I wonder that they are not afraid to speak in the presence of this emissary of the devil. From what I have heard of him, I would not be surprised if he turned them to stone for their temerity. How dare they smile and be gay! My musings are cut short by the rising of the curtain. The vocal trio, a monstrosity in combination, occupies the stage. "*Quando fia cenere*," they sing with doleful emphasis, "When All Shall be Ashes." Will they never cease! If what I have heard be true, Remenyi, with his magic bow, can build a realm of fancy more delightful than this world of actual sense. I am devoured with anxiety to see him. He must be tall and dark and fascinatingly handsome, with glittering eyes. I fall to musing again and am rudely interrupted by thunders of applause. The second number has passed by unnoticed and Remenyi is standing before us. How different from what I imagined him to be! Can this be Remenyi, the Remenyi; the violinist of the age? A small, thick-set, sleepy-faced man, with an air of ennui, is standing listlessly there tuning a mellow violin. I am deeply disappointed. I glance at the programme. His first number is one of Chopin's Nocturnes. What will he do with it? He begins to play. A breathless hush falls upon the audience. Could I have looked at him very closely, or is my sight playing tricks with me? This is Remenyi, but hardly as I had pictured him. He is changed completely. A tall, benign, and dignified man is standing before us. The demon is not there. I had been led to believe that a little red demon sat on his shoulder and with one hand controlled the bow, while the other touched the strings. I do not see the imp. What fatherly kindness and dignity beam in the countenance of the performer. The theme develops under his touch. At times it is severe, but the severity is always kindly. He seems to me a father administering censure and advice to his son, only the censure is full of love and the whole is a caress. Frantic applause follows his first effort. I am glad the father loved his boy so well; but the encore is responded to, and the bow is again in motion. All the lights seem to have been extinguished and the violin is throbbing with exquisite sadness. A furrow of pain knits the brow of the father. His

boy has wandered astray, and the aching heart is yearning for his return. Vice has clutched him, and in the background I see his bent figure leaning over the table, his head sunk on his outstretched arms, the picture of utter despair. The violin is recalling the incidents of childhood, the merry nursery days, when it seemed that the boy could never be anything but one of God's best gifts. It is pleading passionately. The voice of a dead mother is echoing through the melody. The boy starts as he hears those tones, and rising unsteadily he walks over to his father and kneels at his feet, and in return is gathered to his heart. The melody assumes grander proportions. The whole firmament is ablaze with light. The All Father is calling His children, and reminding them of their inheritance. They are coming home. God bless them! God bless them! The audience is in tears. A heartfelt sob escapes me. I cannot see the performer for the mist which blinds my eyes. But what is this? A regiment of Highlanders must be coming this way. I hear the distant hurraing of the people. In a moment the skirling and neighing of the pipes reach us; "The rhythmic swing of kilt and sporran, the muscular limbs and lithe tread;" the savage shriek of the bagpipes, "The slogan Clan-Alpine still hurls on the foe." These and a thousand recollections of cliff and scaur, of purple heather and sheep-trimmed downs, and the fair blue locks of Bonnie Scotland throng upon me. The lads and lassies dance the "Highland Fling" with a vigor and energy unknown to these days of physical degeneracy, and — Remenyi is standing there before us bowing, looking even more weary than before. The audience seem bereft of their senses. The building trembles. Remenyi, who had left the stage, reappears and bows. They will take no refusal. They will listen to no one or nothing else at present. He stands abstractedly before them, his loved Amati nestled under his chin, and with bated breath they await his pleasure. The bow is poised over the strings. It descends. The gorgeous windows of the cathedral are ablaze with light. Outside the wind is piercing cold, but within all is warm and bright. The ritual is more than usually attractive. The deep-toned organ, the richly embroidered vestments, and the light which falls from a hundred candles, illuminating the gilded carvings and fluted pillars, evoke a smile of complacency from the congregation. The wealth and dignity and beauty of the Roman Church have assembled to patronize God. The violin lashes them with biting sarcasm. Its withering cynicism shrivels

up and consumes their false pride, and now it changes and pleads with them. The contralto stands in the organ loft. The deathless words of Isaiah, which Handel has wedded to notes celestial, are on her lips: "He was despised — rejected — a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." The congregation are moved to tears; they are in a gracious mood, and the violin is still pleading tenderly. The pretty sentiment of pity, which so many mistake for contrition and heartfelt compassion, softens for a moment the ice of their hearts. Would that it might prove permanent, and send forth the fragrance of good deeds from its perennial blossoms. All this the magic violin speaks to my tense and overwrought nerves as it continues its exquisite pleading. Its plaint becomes a definite request. I do not comprehend it; one moment and I do. There in the shade of the gateway kneel a mother and her child. Almost within the sanctuary, under the Gothic arch half-hidden by a pillar, they kneel. It is so cold without; it looks so warm within. They have been forbidden an entrance by the door-keeper. They are pale and miserable and poorly clad. This is a fashionable assemblage. They cannot enter here. Another piteous appeal from the violin. They do not hear it. The pretty sentiment has passed.

"They, dabbling in the fount of fictive tears, divorce the feeling from its mate, the deed." The service is concluded. The music has been exquisite. The contralto sang divinely. The organist has surpassed himself. The congregation is dispersing. Those who see the crouching figures in the doorway, draw aside their skirts lest they be contaminated. The church is empty, and, unnoticed, the wretched couple creep inside, and sink down in one of the pews, exhausted with cold and hunger. The warmth of the building lulls them to sleep, and the door-keeper, not having seen them enter, locks them in. And now seraphic peace flows from the mellow instrument. One by one bright forms appear, hovering on snowy wing. They bend caressingly over the prostrate forms, and, while unseen hands are playing undreamt of melodies, they gently raise the drooping forms. They remain, for a moment, poised in mid-air, and then slowly ascend, while a voice, perchance an echo, conserved until this moment in some nook, trembles through the stillness. "And there shall be no more pain, neither sorrow nor crying, for God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

"In childhood's winsome page, in manhood's joyous bloom,
In feebleness and age, in death's dark gathering gloom,
God will his own in safety keep,
He giveth His beloved sleep."

The musician has ceased, the cathedral has vanished, and the audience (the truest praise it can give), is silent. I wander from the building to reflect.

Reveries of an Idle Man.

NICK SCRIBNER.

WITH what delightfully romantic memories of by-gone days does every bit of "Old Kenyon" teem! Innovations like base burners and folding beds spoil the artistic effect, perhaps, to some extent, but with a picture of the grand old ivy-covered stone building in our mind's eye, almost the same now as it was in the days of good old Bishop Chase; with the music of its bells ringing in our ears, the same peal which has kept warm the heart of many a loyal Kenyonite, visions of past glories of old Kenyon shape themselves out of the tobacco smoke curling over our head, and imagination spans the breadth of years.

"R. Q. Kirker, '58," is an inscription which some former occupant of my room has carved deep in the stone window-sill. It is only one of many names which are cut in different parts of the room, but this one alone appeals to me with more than the ordinary interest I feel in these relics of the past. The bearer of this name had lived in the halcyon days of the college when her numbers were greatest, and when, best of all, her men showed their love for her was real and not born of the mouth by permitting no fault of theirs, either by omission or commission, to dim their Alma Mater's honor. Often sitting before my stove in the half-light of the winter evenings, I have wondered what kind of a fellow R. Q. Kirker, '58, may have been. I imagine him lying back in his chair before the fire even as I am doing, but not looking into one of these new-fangled, stuffy base burners with its monotonously dull glow, capable of emitting, even in its most cheerful moods, only a myriad of little blue spirits whose uncertain, fickle, fitful playing over the coals is enough to throw a fellow in a humor of their own color. *His* fire was in one of

those large, old-fashioned fire-places, now walled up (a portion of that further wall will still sound hollow to your knock) — a merry, crackling blaze, on the canvas of whose flames no Ik. Marvel was needed to paint the dreams of past pleasures and future conquests with which every healthy college boy beguiles some hours of these spring days of his life. I like to believe that my own idleness has only reached its present high state of development by the influence of the spirit of my room, and that R. Q. Kirker, '58's Horace had scarcely less reason than my own to feel neglected. And I can very well believe from unmistakable symptoms that that pipe which he was accustomed to light from the live coals on the hearth is the identical one from which I am puffing away so contentedly, an heirloom from an idle man to (pardon my egotism) a worthy successor.

About what and whom were his reveries? Was there a little dark-eyed lady down there in his Kentucky home whose face peeped from behind those blazing logs with tantalizing prettiness? Did he see in those varying tongues of flame companions of drawing and ball room? Perhaps those showers of sparks brought to his mind recollections of sport with gun and dog, and his blood would stop again as he saw in those scurrying sparks the whirring covey rising at his feet. Perhaps the constant motion of the fire bore him back in imagination to glorious gallops along shady country lanes or across the fields of soft, blue-turf. Perhaps, fresh from a tourney of wit in Philo or Nu Pi Kappa, or fired by one of Calhoun's brilliant speeches so well known in those days to every loyal Southerner, he would dream of future greatness and would see in the blaze of the fire his own form as one of his country's legislators, holding his colleagues spell-bound as there fell from his lips words which were to turn the fate of a nation.

All this, and yet an idler — not a lazy man, the gods forefend! The world, alas! too often confuses the distinction between these terms and the idle man suffers, a martyr to his principles. It is the easiest thing in the world to be lazy; anyone can *fall* into it. But idleness is an art acquired by the few, and then only after most persistent application. "There are plenty of lazy people and plenty of slowcoaches, but a genuine idler is a rarity." An idle man is kept always busy doing that which will prevent him from doing what he ought to do; the lazy man does nothing at all. Over there in the corner is my study table, laden with books; here am I before the fire, dreaming. That is idleness. On the other hand — Bah! that's bitter! Pshaw! Clear out and pipe half full — that's laziness.

Realism in Literature.

FOLEY PRIZE ORATION.

ALIKE in the political, social, and literary worlds, the natural philosopher's law still holds good—"Every action has its equal and contrary reaction." The more radical the principle advocated, the further will be the extreme to which the reaction goes; the deeper rooted an abuse has become, the greater the convulsion when it is eradicated. The lower classes of France had been oppressed for centuries with the most tyrannical measures which a despotic oligarchial government could devise. When the spirit of liberty which had been smouldering in the breasts of the French people finally sprang into a flame, France saw in the bloody scenes of the Reign of Terror the fulfillment of this law.

About ten years ago a class of novelists known as the idealistic school had carried to the last extreme the principles upon which their novels were based. The grotesqueness, unreality and excess of didactic elements in the fiction of that day showed the unhealthy condition to which these disciples of the ideal had brought their writings. This literary ailment demanded a powerful cure. It came in the character of the realistic school, or rather the naturalistic of which it is the outgrowth. And this realism, if we may believe present day critics, has made as dark a blot on the page of literary history as the French Revolution made on that of political history. Is this true? That realism has given birth to much that is bad is admitted, but after an examination of the good realism has done, the unqualified condemnation laid upon it by our literary critics seems very unreasonable, to say the least.

Balzac was perhaps the first to give to his novels touches which would afterwards have classed him with the naturalistic writers. But it was not until the publication of Zola's "*Le Roman Experimental*" that the formula of this school was exactly defined. Zola is truly the "Father of Realism." To him is due the praise that the theory of this school, so liable to be misunderstood and abused, has flowed in a definite channel, and that the varying talents of Daudet, Tolstoi, Turgeneff, James and Howells have been kept in it. The tenets of the realistic school in theory can hardly be objected to. As a primary requirement, there must be a complete elimination of fancy—not of imagination—but of that which is simply romantic and rhetorical. The imagination is not

rejected, but is established on a scientific basis. It is to produce novels based only on the experience of reality, novels in which society is to be analyzed and depicted as it is and not as it should be; whose characters are to be living men, each having "his exit and his entrance" and acting as naturally as possible his part in this drama of life.

Certainly not even the severest critic of realism could find harm in these principles; yet in practice it has laid itself open to some criticism. On some sides realism has reached its limits. One of the leading objects of the school is to reproduce life exactly. Their novel is to be a portrait of a portion of life, inspired by the imagination but restricted by actual experience. Herein lay their first limit. The smaller the section of life depicted, the less the liability to error; the world is too wide to be accurately represented within the compass of a book. The same effect is produced in their novels as in the image formed by a convex mirror. The disproportion existing between the surface of the book and the vast human movements it tries to mirror, makes the reflections distorted and misshapen.

Another object which these novelists have in view is to look upon life in the character of the anatomist. All phases of human nature are to be painted from the standpoint of a disinterested observer. This has given rise to two causes for complaint. Among the Latin races, especially in France, conventionality does not retain as firm a hold as is the case among those of Anglo-Saxon descent. For this reason, the disinterested attitude they maintain in the contemplation of vice is regarded as a proof of their love for that which is bad. Also in trying to show the bad impartially with the good, they have infused into their writings a brutality which is often positively revolting to Anglo-Saxon taste. On the contrary, American disciples of the experimental novel, in their efforts to shun these evils, have been blamed for lack of life and spirit.

In every movement there are those who carry it to an extremity. The leaders of the realistic theory have not been guilty of the excesses which are so harshly criticised in our day, and on them will descend the praise of the unprejudiced judge who sees the good they have done literature. Realism has had its day. It has been the medium of expression of some of the greatest intellects of the nineteenth century; it will leave behind it works which, though imperfect, yet are of permanent value, works which will be studied long after realism itself is forgotten;

it will leave its traces for good on the succeeding school of fiction, whatever it may be. But no writer of any prominence who has not embraced this theory will now do so; its advantages have been great, but Zola's dreams of a school which should completely revolutionize literature will never be realized. "Mene, mene, tekkel upharsin" has been written over against it, it has been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

Pope and the Classical Period of English Literature.

LOU A. SANFORD.

TAINE has said: "A great writer is a man who, having passions, knows his dictionary and grammar; Pope thoroughly knew his dictionary and his grammar, but stopped there." This brief verdict, with all that it implies, is the one which nineteenth century criticism has been wont to accept as the true one, and though it may be true, perhaps, after all, it is not quite just. Pope had no passions, we are ready to admit, but it must be borne in mind that he lived in a time when passions were not considered necessary to a poet, and when literary productions were judged solely by their exterior appearance, apart from all considerations of the merit of their subject matter.

England, we will remember, had at this time just begun to settle down after a period of repeated revolutions: the folly of Charles I. had brought about his own death, had banished his courtiers from the land, and had caused all England to fall under the influence of extreme Puritanical ideas. Such things as amusement, gaiety, light heartedness, and kindred works of the devil had been condemned and done away with. All this, of course, had its effect upon the literature of the period, and the works produced under the English commonwealth are all of a religious and sober character.

England soon tired of her unnatural restraint, however, and on the restoration of Charles II., the people, headed by that licentious monarch, entered upon a period of careless, easy living, which soon gave place to one of unbridled dissipation. The King himself was the most profligate rioter in his realm, and his followers were zealous in imitating him. All the vices of the notorious French court were introduced, and French

influence, French customs and manners, became the predominant characteristics of a people hitherto noted for their harsh, stern sobriety and their blunt freedom from affectation.

It was in regard to her previous attempts at literary excellence that England considered herself especially uncouth: she regarded her literature as having been rude, even to the extent of clownishness, and tried to make amends for her past barbarisms by substituting for them the most polished style possible to her native tongue. French thought and spirit had already entered English writings, and now French words and phrases were introduced as well. A host of authors sprang up, each striving to produce the most pleasing, the most elegant, the most "correct" style of literature.

First in the new-born school of authorship stood Dryden. His works served to purify the language, to raise the standard of the literature of his day, and to create in the English people a taste for really good authorship. But in spite of all this, his work was very inadequate. At times he shows great powers as an author, and some originality; but it must be borne in mind, first of all, that Dryden was in no sense a leader. If the people, the times, had set the example, Dryden would have been the first to follow and to improve on their work, but he was unfortunate enough to live in a period essentially one of transition. This period was not capable of giving him the opportunities which his genius deserved, and, on the other hand, he was not able to adapt the peculiarities of the times to his purpose. The student of Dryden, while he admires the greatness of his works, is compelled to take into account his lack of opportunities and consequent inadequacy, and when he has finished his study, would fain think of the fantastic poet, not as he was, but as he would have been had he lived in another generation of authorship.

The transition period, however, ended with Dryden: England remained with her French ideas and tastes, so utterly unbecoming to her, more pronounced than ever. One upstart author vied with another to produce works of the greatest elegance and to attain purity in the so-called perfection of style. Polished witticisms, extravagant flattery, the most gorgeous superficiality were, everywhere, indulged in, and each writer seemed bent on the one object of presenting to the world the nicest exactness of appearance.

Such was the state of authorship in England when Alexander Pope

joined the already crowded ranks of those seeking literary greatness. He was popular in an instant; his works were eagerly sought after and devoured, and literary criticism pronounced him a genius. To Pope, the one thing to be gained in life was literary fame, and from the time when he was a mere boy his success was assured. He began by copying a style from the greatest of his predecessors, and spent his entire life in changing, blotting out, re-writing, and improving it. The subject matter was utterly disregarded, and the author only hoped by his skillful use of words to cheat the public and posterity into the belief that he was the possessor of thoughts as well as language.

In a measure his crafty design met with success, for while his essays serve the one purpose of showing that their author was not equal to his subject, there are many places in his satires which show true thought, and make us forget Pope's accustomed vanity and love of display. And then, on the other hand, there are passages in his works of fancy which bring out all too clearly the pompous artificiality that was their writer's especial delight. Their very extravagance, however, makes them pleasing, and again we are deceived; this time into the belief that they are works of true poetry.

One author has described Pope's writings as "delicate structures made of air;" perhaps this criticism is a just one, but at any rate their delicacy is not displeasing, and the air, their substance, is certainly most fragrant and delightful; perhaps Taine, whom we quoted a while ago, is correct in his estimate of our author, but his verdict is nevertheless one which we cannot bring ourselves to accept; perhaps, finally, Pope was *not* a poet, but has simply persuaded us, with his customary deceit, that he is, and, after all that amounts to about the same thing as being one.

Kenyon's Chinese Sons.

REV. YUNG KIUNG YEN was graduated from Kenyon in 1861. He has returned to this country after an absence of thirty-three years, and is attracting much attention in the East, where he is making numerous addresses on behalf of the China Mission. He is expected to visit Gambier in January. He entered the ministry in 1867. His first fields of labor were at Wu Chang and Hankow. At present he has charge of two

churches in Shanghai, and is an instructor in the training school for Evangelists and Deacons, a department of St. John's College. He has four sons and a daughter. The eldest son is Points S. Yen, who was a member of the class of 1888 at Kenyon, but did not complete the course. After his return to China, Points Yen entered the government railway service as interpreter and general clerk in the North, and has occupied this position ever since. He has a family of five children. He married an adopted sister of Robert C. Woo. His address is, in care of Imperial Railway Office, Tientsin, China. Rev. Mr. Yen's second son, Nelson, is a graduate of Columbia Law School. He is single, and is interpreter at the United States Consulate in Ningpo.

Robert C. Woo, Kenyon 1888, married, several years ago, Miss Wong, a member of the American Baptist Church, South, whose father is a most zealous layman. Their first son died in January, 1893, aged one year. A second son was born last winter. Mr. Woo is interpreter in the Danish Northern Telegraph Company of Shanghai. His address is, in care of Great Northern Telegraph Co., Shanghai. (Since these notes were compiled, we received news of the sad death of Mr. Woo.)

Dr. V. P. Su Voong, class 1867, is Professor of English in the Government University of Shanghai. He has been there nearly twenty years. His eldest son, aged 18, has just accompanied Mr. Yen to Great Britain, where he has entered the Aberdeen Grammar School. He would have come to Gambier, except for the supposed general prejudice of Americans towards the Chinese. He will study medicine, as his father did. His guardian, Rev. Mr. Still, writes from Aberdeen: "He already has held the top place in his Latin class for three days running, against boys younger than himself but already two years in Latin before he begun. In short, he pleases me well in all respects. He is so eager that he sits till 12, and gets up by 6 o'clock." Dr. Su Voong has eight or nine children. His address is, in care of Government University, Kiangnan Arsenal, Shanghai, China.

Rev. Zu Loong Yen entered the ministry after he returned to China, and died of typhoid fever in service four years after, leaving a widow and three sons and two daughters. Two of the boys are studying in St. John's College, Shanghai.

Kwoh Ah See, who was at Kenyon with Zu Loong Yen, early in the

seventies, taught in St. John's College several years, then resigned, and went to the Shanghai public school as a teacher. He has five or six children. His father, mother, uncle, nephew, and niece, all joined the church through his influence. His address is, in care of Rev. Y. K. Yen, Shanghai, China.

Alumni Notes.

THE REV. ALEX. V. G. ALLEN, D. D. ('62), of the Episcopal Theological Seminary at Cambridge, Mass., is the author of a new work, "Religious Progress," which is now published in book form by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston. The work consists of a series of lectures delivered before the students of Yale University Divinity School.

'66 (Bexley). The Rev. Dr. David H. Greer, rector of St. Bartholomew's Church, New York, has been appointed the Lyman Beecher Lecturer at Yale Theological Seminary.

'68. "New York, December 1—Lawyer John Brooks Leavitt, created a sensation at the dinner given by the Good Government Club to-night at the St. Denis Hotel by advocating the annulment of the charter of the Tammany Society, or Columbian Order, as the best means of breaking down and disintegrating Tammany Hall. The applause and the comments with which his remarks were received proved, too, that such an attempt will be made if it is found at all feasible. Mr. Leavitt argued that the Tammany Society was the backbone of the political organization known as Tammany Hall, and that to destroy the latter it was necessary to disrupt the former. This could best be done by an annulment of its charter."

'80. The Rev. C. D. Williams, dean of Trinity Cathedral, Cleveland, slipped on an icy pavement, and fell to the walk with such force as to split his nose open and fractured the bone.

'84. Mr. J. H. Douglas is the southwestern agent for the Whitlock press, and is located for the present at St. Louis, Mo.

'69. Mr. N. P. Whitesides died in Kansas City, January 7, 1895, and was buried in Mt. Vernon a few days afterward from the residence of his father-in-law, Mr. John Cooper. The following brief sketch of his life

appeared in a Mt. Vernon paper: "Nevil P. Whitesides was born at La Grange, Ky., April 13, 1845, and was, therefore, nearly 50 years old. He was graduated from Kenyon College in the class of '69, and after graduation settled in Mt. Vernon, where he was married, June 10, 1870, to Ella, daughter of Mr. John Cooper, who, together with their three children, John, Ada, and Laura, survive him. Mr. Whitesides was connected with the Cooper Manufacturing Company here until the spring of '85, when he removed to Leavenworth, Kan., where he occupied the important position of Secretary of the Great Western Manufacturing Company until last fall, when he moved to Kansas City to manage the branch office of the same concern. He was a prominent Mason, being made a Master Mason in Mt. Zion Lodge, this city, in 1868, while he was in college, and in 1882 he was elected Worshipful Master, which position he occupied for two years. He was dimitted from this Lodge in 1885, and became a member of a Leavenworth Lodge, where he was in good standing at the time of his death. He was also a member of the Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity of Kenyon College. Mr. Whitesides was a man of rare mental qualifications. He was greatly admired and respected by a large circle of acquaintances, and his widow and children have the sincere sympathy of the whole community."

Ex-'88. Mr. A. C. Dickinson is reported to have started a new journalistic venture in Canton, Ohio. Mr. Dickinson has been engaged in the same work in Mt. Vernon for several years.

Ex-'89. Mr. C. H. Grant, of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, has decided to enter the field of journalism. He is said to be filling the position of city editor of the *Mt. Vernon Republican*.

'73. Again death has entered the ranks of our alumni. We clip the following, also from a Mt. Vernon paper, in regard to the death of Judge J. M. Critchfield: "Ex-Probate Judge John M. Critchfield died at his home on East Vine street, at 9:30 o'clock Wednesday morning, after an illness lasting for over five years. The deceased was a man of many noble qualities, and will be mourned by a large circle of friends and relatives. He was born in Howard township, this county, November 21, 1850, and was graduated from Kenyon College with the class of '73. He then read law with Hon. W. C. Cooper, and was admitted to the bar in 1876. On February 6, 1877, he was married to Miss Belle Critchfield,

who, with one son, Donald, survives him. Mr. Critchfield soon after purchased the *Gambier Argus* and continued its publication for about one year, when he founded the *Mt. Vernon Tribune*, to the publication of which he devoted himself until January, 1888, when it was discontinued, and he assumed the duties of Probate Judge, to which position he had been elected in November, 1887. In 1890 he was re-elected and served for a second term."

'89. The Rev. Gibson W. Harris is rector of St. Anne's Church, Morrisania, N. Y. The life of this flourishing parish is reflected in *The Messenger*, a parish paper.

'91. THE COLLEGIAN acknowledges the receipt of *The Parish Messenger*, of the Church of the Saviour, Philadelphia. The December number, brim full of Christmas, is readable from cover to cover, and with its "Glad Tidings" and "Madonnas," makes a very attractive Christmas souvenir. Kenyon friends, the Rev. Dr. Bodine and the Rev. Owen J. Davies, '91, are to be congratulated on the editorship of the "best parish paper in America."

'92. Mr. W. S. Walkley is one of the editors of the *Medical Record*, published at Boston University, Boston, Mass.

'96. Mr. E. M. Gould is assisting his father in compiling the Gould Directory in St. Louis, Mo.

The Brotherhood of St. Andrew.

MONTHLY schedule of meetings of Kenyon Chapter: First Tuesday, Service and Address; second Tuesday, Optional; third Tuesday, Old Kenyon; fourth Tuesday, Business Meeting with Discussion; fifth Tuesday, Church Temperance Society.

The meetings on the third Tuesday in each month are held in Old Kenyon. They begin promptly at 7 p. m. and close promptly at 7:30 p. m. The order of the meeting is: Opening and Presentation of Topic, 10 minutes; second, Discussion of Topic, 10 minutes; third, Questions and Answers, 10 minutes.

The aim is to select topics which are of interest to every college student and in the discussion of which everybody can take part.

The meetings are made as informal as possible. Everyone is welcome. The other meetings are held in the English Room, Ascension Hall. To these a general invitation is also extended, except to that on the fourth Tuesday of each month. This is the private monthly business meeting of the Brotherhood.

The News.

ON DECEMBER 11 Mrs. Foote gave a delightful party at her home. The mode of entertainment was novel to Gambier people. It was called "A Floral Love-tale," and was very enjoyable.

Professor Pinkham gave a very pleasant card party at the Hotel on December 15. He was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Foote and Miss Fowler. The prizes were won by Mr. Burnett and Miss Condit.

Miss Monsarrat gave a very enjoyable cotillion at her home on Monday afternoon, December 17. It was the first cotillion in the history of Gambier for years, and as such deserves even greater praise than it would naturally merit as a most pleasant party.

Hugh Sterling, '87, arrived in Gambier before the term closed for a holiday visit. He left soon after Christmas.

F. W. Alden, ex-'95, made a short visit on the hill, arriving on the 15th, and leaving on the 17th of December.

Gambier was not deserted as soon as usual last term. Examinations detained an extraordinary number of delinquents.

At the meeting of the Executive Committee of the Athletic Association held December 15, C. C. Wright, '96, and H. A. Barber, '96, were elected, respectively, base ball and foot ball managers for the next year.

Preparations are even now on foot for the Junior Promenade, and a delightful party is assured. There is also some probability of a play at that time, to be given for the benefit of '95 *Reveille*.

The subscription for a foot ball coach next fall has already grown to encouraging proportions, with hopes of even more pledges.

The class of '98 held a class supper at the Curtis House in Mt.

Vernon on December 13, and made life miserable for all respectable citizens at about four o'clock the following morning.

Geschichten aus der Tonne by Theodor Storm. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Charles F. Brusie, Professor in Kenyon College. Boston, U. S. A., Ginn & Co., 1894.

All lovers of that delightful prose idyll, "Immensee," will surely welcome this annotated edition of three more of Storm's short stories, "Die Regentrude," "Balemann's Haus," and "Der Spiegel des Cyprianus." Mr. Brusie gives a short and interesting account of Storm's life and of some of his works. The notes are good, and the press work is worthy of Ginn & Co.

Exchanges.

IN the light illumined parlor
Sat the lovers tete-a-tete,
In their happiness unmindful
That the hour was growing late.

All at once upon the staircase
Sounded papa's slippered feet;
She was startled, he expected
To be shown into the street.

In walked papa, turned the gas out,
Thinking to cut short their pranks;
In one voice the two made answer
Briefly—all they said was "Thanks."

—*The Brunonian.*

"I simply dote on Horace,"
Said the Boston maid, "Don't you?"
And the maiden from Chicago
Wondering, queried, "Horace who?" — *Ex.*

An illustrated book entitled "Four American Universities" is soon to be issued by Harpers. The articles have appeared before in magazines, and are concerning Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Columbia.

A Harvard, Yale and Princeton debating league has been formed and arrangements are being made for three debates this winter, one in Cam-

bridge, one in New Haven, and one in Princeton or New York City. The first debate is to be given about the middle of January.

President Harper, of the University of Chicago, gives the average salary of the college president as \$3,047, of the college professor as \$2,015, and of the instructor as \$1,470.

The University of Chicago has certainly a remarkably complete linguistic department. Courses are offered in Hebrew, Arabic, Assyrian, Syriac, Egyptian and Proemcian, besides the languages commonly taught in colleges.—*Ex.*

According to Darwin and others it takes a monkey thousands of years to make a man of himself, but a man can make a monkey of himself in a very few seconds.—*Ex.*

Princeton grants a scholarship of fifteen hundred dollars. This is the largest scholarship given by any American College. It is granted tri-annually for proficiency in Latin and Greek.

Cornell Athletic Council has finally decided to send a crew to England and also to row U. of P. This necessitates maintaining two crews, and the raising of \$ 5,000 to \$ 10,000 to carry out the two races.

Chicago University has discarded the title of "Prof.," the members of the faculty being addressed as Mister.

President Eliot, of Harvard, in a recent address, advised students to apportion the day as follows: Study, ten hours; sleep, eight; exercise, two; social duties, one, and meals, three hours.

We have taken the liberty of clipping the following letter, bearing on the war between China and Japan, from *The Parish Messenger*, one of our exchanges. Mr. Motoda, the writer of the letter, is a Kenyon graduate as well as a native of Japan, and, therefore, what he has to say on this topic cannot fail to be of interest to many of his old friends:

DIVINITY SCHOOL, Woodland Avenue, Philadelphia,

December 30, 1894.

My Dear Dr. Bodine:

In reply to your favor of the 28th inst., I can positively say that the effect of the China-Japan war on the future of Christianity in the East will be good. China has already learned from the war a lesson which she could otherwise not have learned. She has realized the absurdity of her self-conceited conservatism, to

which her failure is entirely due, and admitted the results of Western civilization to which Japan's success is also due. The immediate effect of the present war, therefore, will be the breaking off of her deadly exclusiveness, and the subsequent introduction of Western civilization into China. But Western civilization and Christianity are so closely blended together that it is impossible for China to welcome the former and shut out the latter. More students and more commissioners will come in to learn your various systems, but they can not leave America without being influenced by Christianity. In short, China will follow the steps in which Japan began to tread some thirty years ago.

The war will also do a great deal of good to Japan. There are already signs of the renewal of the Christian spirit there. Anti-Christians in Japan used to attack Christians on the ground that Christianity and patriotism are irreconcilable, because the spirit of universal love and the spirit of nationality are antagonistic. But, at the present crisis, Christians are equally emphatic with other patriots in the justification of war. They are the sincerest sympathizers of the dead and the kindest friends of the wounded. Thus the war gave them an opportunity to check the anti-Christian criticism on the one hand, and to show their Christian spirit in the time of national emergency.

Again, Western powers have long acknowledged the rapid progress of Japan, but with a spirit of doubt and suspicion as to its solidity. Consequently, they have hesitated to yield to Japan's just claim concerning the revision of treaties.

That was the main cause of national discontent, and, to some extent, of anti-foreign feeling in Japan. But, in the present war, Japan has proclaimed to the world her civilization in its practical applications, and convinced that world with the efficiency of her progress in modern systems. This is the chief reason which has induced the United States and England to revise their treaties with Japan. The new treaties allow both the citizens of the United States and the subjects of England to freely enter, travel, and reside in the interior of Japan. Hereafter, foreigners and natives will come into closer contact with each other, and anti-foreign feeling will soon disappear. This will greatly facilitate the work of missions.

In Corea, too, we shall see internal reform, the introduction of Western systems, the free intercourse with civilized nations, and many other things which will favor Christianity. I have no doubt that Japan will soon send her own missionaries to Corea to undertake the responsibility of spiritual as well as of material reformation. We all admit that war itself is a terrible thing, but in the present imperfect condition of society it is an unavoidable evil. May the time soon come when "they shall beat their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks," "when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

Very faithfully yours,

JOSEPH S. MOTODA.